



The Lookout Man

(Republished by Request.)

Now listen, little chil'run, an' I'll tell a story true;
An' better you remember, 'cause it means a lot to you.
An' if you heed th' lesson, then when Chris'mas time is here
You'll git a lot o' pleasure an' a lot o' Chris'mas cheer.
Th' Lookout Man is walkin' when th' stars begin t' peep
T' see if little chil'run are in bed an' fast asleep;
An' all who act up naughty an' don't mind their ma's an' pa's
Th' Lookout Man is watchin', an' he'll tell ol' Santa Claus.

I knowed a little feller onct who got real bad and said
He didn't care f'r Santa Claus, an' wouldn't go t' bed;
Said that he didn't have t' mind—O, he was awful bad,
An' didn't care th' leastest mite 'bout makin' folks feel bad.
But when it come t' Chris'mus time he didn't get a thing
'Cause Santa Claus had heard o' him, and not a thing he'd bring.
He knew that bad boy's record—better mind your ma's an' pa's;
Th' Lookout Man is watchin', and' he'll tell ol' Santa Claus.

I also knowed a little girl who was jus' awful bad.
She wouldn't learn her lessons an' she allus got so mad
If anybody told her t' be still an' hush her noise—
Well, she was allus wishin' f'r a lot o' Chris'mus toys.
But when twas Chris'mus mornin' t' her wonder an' surprise
An' empty stockin' hangin' in th' corner met her eyes.
You see, she acted naughty—better mind your ma's an' pa's;
Th' Lookout Man is watchin', an' he'll tell ol' Santa Claus.

Th' Lookout Man is peepin' through th' winders ev'ry night.
An' countin' up th' chil'run who are allus actin' right
An' goin' off t' bed at onct when told it's time t' go,
An' never poutin' nary bit, nor takin' clothes off slow.
He puts 'em in his good book, but th' bad ones in th' bad,
An' when he writes a bad one he looks O, jus' awful sad,
'Cause he knows they won't git nothin'—better mind your ma's
and pa's;
Th' Lookout Man is watchin', an' he'll tell ol' Santa Claus.

TWO THANKSGIVING DAYS

The chief merit of this little Thanksgiving story is its truth. It is a page out of real life, and the page was written on a Thanksgiving day many years ago, the scene being Kansas City, Mo., and the participants a little group of printers—with some others who came upon the stage just before the curtain went down.

The printers were all working on the Kansas City morning papers, and they usually arose about noon. But on this particular Thanksgiving about a dozen of them managed to get up about 10 o'clock, and by some mysterious influence were led to meet at a sample room near Fourth and Main. There were three or four rounds of refreshments, and the printers began telling of other Thanksgiving joys. Mention was made of the "last Thanksgiving at home," of the good things that mother used to bake, and the good times so often had around the family table. The talk went on for an hour, and suddenly one of the printers looked up from his glass and said:

"Boys, we've already spent enough right here to buy Thanksgiving dinners for a dozen, and if we stay here an hour longer we'll spend enough for a dozen more. What's the matter with pooling and putting the money where it will do some good?"

The suggestion met with instant favor and in less than a minute there

was \$8 in the "pool." Then the printers started out. They rounded up about two dozen street arabs, male and female, and herded them into a cheap but clean restaurant.

"Bring this bunch the best you've got," was the order delivered to the waiters, and the order was filled. The printers stood around and saw to it that each of their guests was filled to the brim with everything good the bill of fare offered, and the more the children ate the broader grew the smiles of the hosts.

"Where do they put it?" asked Slug 14 of the Times.

"Guess their legs are hollow," replied Slug 21 of the Journal.

"Go on!" sneered the man who had the "rings" on the Times the night before. "They are equipped with rubber stomachs."

But the children said very little, being busy with hands and teeth. When the dinner was finished the children were given an orange apiece and shooed out into the street again. Then the printers sat down and had a dinner of their own. It was a jolly feast, too—perhaps the jolliest any of them had experienced since they left home years ago. They didn't philosophize about it then, but in the after years doubtless each one of them realized what had made that one Thanksgiving dinner so enjoyable. And at least one of the printers in

that little crowd has tried the same thing once or twice since, and with results that were perfectly satisfactory.

There may be a moral attached to this little true tale, but if there is the reader will have to dig it out.

Here is another true Thanksgiving story—but it is of a dinner that was missed. The chief actor is now dead.

Charley Pryor was a private in an Indiana regiment during the civil war, and the captain of his company is still living in Omaha, Nebr., and ready to vouch for the facts. The day before Thanksgiving in 1864, Pryor was sent out with a squad to do some scout duty in southeastern Tennessee, the squad being in command of a sergeant. Early in the evening a superior force of confederates ran across the scouting party and chased it into a cabin set in the middle of a small clearing. In the cabin the party made a stand, and the confederates settled down for a seige.

Pryor was an unusually tall man, and because of his unfailing good humor was a prime favorite in his regiment. His tallness doubtless saved his life. The scouts were in the loft of the cabin, seeking that place because of its advantages, and they spent the night exchanging shots with the enemy. Just as the day was dawning Pryor stooped down to look out through a chink in the walls, and a confederate bullet struck him in the side of the neck, and ranging upward—or rather downward—emerged by the spine. The wounded man dropped like dead. But he wasn't. By some strange freak that bullet had sent him into a state of catalepsy, and while to all appearances he was dead he could see and hear everything going on about him, although he could not move a muscle.

"There goes Pryor!" exclaimed a comrade.

"Yes, he's dead," said another, after a brief examination.

Shortly before noon the besiegers withdrew and the scouts prepared to join the main body of the army. Suddenly it dawned upon their minds that it was Thanksgiving day, and immediately they set about getting up a Thanksgiving dinner. While they were frying bacon and making coffee in the lower part of the cabin, Pryor lay in a trance in the loft. He heard

many kind remarks about himself, for the boys took turns in telling what a nice fellow he was.

"I wish Charley could be with us at this Thanksgiving dinner," said one.

"Yes, poor as it is it would taste better if Pryor could help eat it," said another.

Then they talked of home and friends, and all the time Pryor was in mental agony although unable to make the slightest motion.

"Now we've got to give Pryor a Christian burial," said the sergeant, and he told four men to dig a shallow grave. The rest of the party helped the sergeant remove the supposed corpse from the loft of the cabin. But the opening in the floor was small, and the ladder merely some pegs driven into the chinks of the walls. In trying to get the long and lank body through the opening the men let it fall, and the jar performed the rest.

The supposed corpse sat up, rubbed itself a bit, blinked in the sunlight and then growled:

"Didn't you duffers leave anything over from that Thanksgiving spread?"

A Thanksgiving Impromptu

A couple of years ago a good housewife in Lincoln entertained a large bunch of personal friends at Thanksgiving dinner. She had baked and stewed and boiled and roasted and fried for a week beforehand, and the dinner table was something calculated to gladden the eye and rejoice the hearts of the hungry.

It was a magnificent dinner, and the enjoyment was 100 plus. The merry quip and jest flew around the board, and all was lovely and serene.

Suddenly, in the midst of a little spell of silence, Dorothy, aged four, raised her head and in a piercing little voice asked:

"Mama, when the company goes can I take Mrs. McCulloch's spoons home?"

Brain Leaks

The road to happiness is not paved with selfishness.

We get no credit for bearing crosses of our own make.

A one-course dinner is a banquet if love provides the sauce.

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